



ISSANJI

HARTFORD STREET ZEN CENTER

57 Hartford Street, San Francisco, California, 94114
<http://members.aol.com/hszc>

(415) 863-2507
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- SUMMER 1999 -

HSZC is a neighborhood Zen Temple in the heart of the Castro district that provides a practice place for gay men, lesbians, and friends. It is also called Issanji, "One Mountain Temple", after its founder Issan Dorsey Roshi. The Temple was started in 1980, and offers a daily practice schedule, sitting instruction, Saturday public lectures, and special mid-day sittings for the HIV community and caregivers. The resident teacher is the retired Abbot Zenshin Philip Whalen, who is available for dokusan (practice interviews) by appointment.

Truth Functions Through Form

by Hyunoong Sunim

Excerpts from his talk at HSZC in March. Sunim is a Korean Zen monk, Taoist Master and oriental herbalist. He is resident teacher of the Sixth Patriarch Zen Center in Berkeley.

The teachings of the Buddha emphasize not becoming attached to form. Yet if there were no form, then truth could not be expressed. Truth obviously functions via form: through sound and color — but we become attached to these things. Trying to see it with our eyes we become blind, trying to hear it with our ears we become deaf. Trying to illustrate it through our thinking our consciousness becomes dark. Most people think of truth as something to go searching for. Yet even while they search, the truth is within. And because they search outside they cannot

awaken to themselves. The truth is within us but when we try to approach it more closely with our thinking, it gets further away. It's like trying to look at our own face.

When you do meditation, don't try to sit quietly in a dark place clinging to some idea that doing Zen is like this. And clinging to confusion is also not Zen. When you stop these habits then you experience the original face within. You cannot express it in words but you know it exists. That knowing doesn't come from your consciousness. If you can observe this then your six senses become natural. You no longer listen to the meaning of words — there is

just sound arising and disappearing. In this way, you see all things as an expression of truth. The Buddha within utilizes the functioning of mind.

We mustn't try to guess what truth is. Simply become aware, then our limitations disappear — then I disappear, you disappear — and all that remains is truth. The senses become empty and when they are empty they are very alive and spontaneous. If you awaken to truth without being attached to colors or sounds, then you see them as mysterious. All things are



Ikkyu (1394-1481), by Bokusan Shoto

form, so there is nothing in the world that is not truth. You just can't see it because your inner truth is obscured. But it's still there.

When we do meditation, sometimes inner bliss arises and through these experiences we come to believe in spiritual practice. We see how we've created confusion for ourselves and become attached to these confusions. We must not hold onto conceptions and thoughts like, "I am a monk, I've done a lot of Zen practice." When people with that kind of thinking gather together this produces opinions. Then the harmony of the Sangha is broken and it is no longer the teachings of Buddha. Someone practicing correctly does not hold to these opinions. Then our mind is silent, like water when there is no wind. When water quiets down and becomes still it has the ability to reflect. When compassion doesn't arise we see how we are holding too tightly to our opinions.

Look at yourself — the form is empty and the object is empty. What we believe in is not certain. But when tension disappears then wisdom arises and through that wisdom you see your own delusion. You see that your six senses are empty and you are no longer bothered by the senses. Reality and truth are not different. All things become one with the Dharma. When you practice like this, you feel how precious other people are and automatically love arises. Your heart becomes harmonious... At this point we become free from reality. And our six senses hear the sounds of truth. Our body, senses, and all things, become one... All things arise from a mysterious place. From moment to moment we are always involved in this mysterious functioning. We cannot ever leave truth. It arises spontaneously. So truth becomes very ordinary.

The first person to teach this was the Buddha. Then later many teachers, like Suzuki-roshi, did this practice and taught it to many people. So we need to understand our indebtedness to the teacher. Through your teacher you understand Buddha, and through Buddha you understand all sentient beings... Modern people only believe what they can understand. But truth within you is not something you can understand. When you stop your efforts to understand, then spontaneously you realize this body is not you. It is simply form. Then even when your body disappears there is no need to feel sad because only form disappears. Your real truth never changes. It is everywhere. This is why the way of Buddha is the path of liberation. If you have not awakened because you believe that your body is real, then when you get old and ill you will feel uncomfortable and afraid. We mustn't think this body is who we are.

Buddhism is a path that liberates you from form, takes you from darkness and guides you into lightness. It takes

you from fear and guides you into a place of calmness. It takes you from confusion and guides you into simplicity. If you awaken to truth then you see that all things are an expression of truth. When you are not trying to imitate Zen with your thinking, then automatically you connect with that mysterious place. Then you can say, "Ah, this is how the teacher lived." And your faith becomes deeper. At that point you can truly say you are a disciple of Suzuki Roshi. Otherwise you are not. So I hope that you will become a good disciple.

HSZC NEWS

by David Prowler

The occasion of our annual meeting is a good opportunity for reflection on where Hartford Street Zen Center has come from in the past year, where we are at and where we're going. We are having a difficult time now. Philip's health isn't good and that prompts concern among Sangha members. The building is in bad shape, from roof to foundation, and efforts to refinance and find a contractor have been frustrating. Interpersonal issues flare up from time to time. And for the past few months we have been running a deficit.

What we are setting out to do by its nature is difficult: maintaining a small, neighborhood Zen Center in the Castro. Zen is not a practice that comes naturally to Americans; it isn't a family tradition as it might be in Asia and the teachings and practice of Zen can seem austere and arduous. No loving forgiving God, the fact of suffering, no happy afterlife — now go sit on the floor and don't expect anything. Yet we survive. And in the past year we have consistently offered lectures and daily sittings. We've had successful open houses and grown closer to our Dharma friends over on Page Street. I was moved by Barbara Kohn's talk last Saturday about forms in Zen as a grid which challenge us. The work we do together in keeping Hartford Street alive is like that too, a part of practice. How we interact at board meetings, help Philip, pay the bills, write and mail the newsletter — are important parts of our practice.

An aspect of Zen which really speaks to me is the idea that we don't practice Zen for ourselves; we don't leave everybody behind as we realize enlightenment. Rather, we practice for all sentient beings. And the subtle way Zen practice changes us helps those around us and ripples out. It's not just some kind of stress management. We should continue to ask how Hartford Street can serve others — neighbors and practitioners. How does my practice — on the zafu and off — help others to practice? Do we make it

more difficult for others to be less attached, less selfish or ego-driven? What kind of example do we set, as individuals and as a Sangha? As we, as individuals and as an institution, grapple with the challenges facing Hartford Street Zen Center, we have a great opportunity to do so with wisdom and compassion and to meet these challenges as an important part of our practice.

We are happy to announce the publication of Zenshin's long-awaited selected poems (May 1999, Penguin USA). *Overtime: Selected Poems by Philip Whalen*, Michael Rothenberg (editor), Leslie Scalapino (Introduction). List Price: \$16.95 (Paper). From the publisher's description:

"Philip Whalen played a key role in the explosive poetic revolution of the fifties and sixties, and, like his college roommate Gary Snyder, took both poetry and Zen seriously. An original troubadour and thinker — confidant and ally to Jack Kerouac, Allen Ginsberg, and Michael McClure, he is celebrated for his wisdom, honesty, daring, and good humor. Taken as a whole, Whalen's writing forms a monumental stream of consciousness (or, as he calls it, "continuous nerve movie") of a wild, deeply read, and fiercely independent American — one who refuses to belong, who glorifies the small beauties found everywhere he looks. Whalen transformed the poem for a generation."

MONTHLY ALL-DAY SITTINGS

(half-day and partial-day also available)

Please join us on Saturday August 7, September 11, October 2, November 6, and December 4.

To register, please contact Sozan (415) 863-2507. Last day to register is the Wednesday before the Sittings.

Included are *oryoki* meals, a Dharma talk, and for those who wish, Dokusan with resident teacher Zenshin Philip Whalen.

Suggested Donations: Members: \$25, Non-members: \$35 (Scholarships available)

Saturday Dharma Talks Thanks to Zenshin, Jim Wilson, Mark Lancaster, Susan Moon, Kokai Roberts, Cathleen Williams, Kosho McCall, Fuyu Nancy Shroeder, Lou Hartman, Barbara Kohn and Daigan Lueck for sharing their sense of practice with us.

Community Thrift Store 625 Valencia St. at 17th. 415-861-4910. Please keep your donations of old clothes, furniture and books coming. Drop off donations at the side door on Sycamore Alley, and register them to HSZC, account #155.

Newsletter Production

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Donations for production costs always appreciated.

Finding Our Way Towards Forgiveness

by Seido Lee deBarros

Excerpts from his Dharma talk at HSZC in January. Seido is a Dharma teacher at Green Gulch Farm.

Iwent to the interfaith celebration of Martin Luther King's birthday — it was attended by people from many different faith traditions... The woman minister said, "A lot of people believe in God, some say there is a god and some say there isn't a god. But let me tell you something; God believes in you." I felt good when she said that — a fundamental affirmation. In our Buddhist practice it is a two way street. It believes in you and you believe in it. Both happen at the same time. I was part of the ceremony where we read Martin Luther King's "Testament of Hope" (excerpt):

"...In struggling for human dignity the oppressed people of the world must not succumb to the temptation to become bitter and develop hate in their hearts... To retaliate with hate and bitterness would do nothing but intensify the existing hate in the world... The longer way is if someone has enough sense and morality to cut off the chain of hate by projecting love in the center of our lives ... an ever-growing love that seeks nothing in return."

When I read this I thought about the centrality of forgiveness in the practice of liberation. First, you have insight into the mechanism of suffering and how it works. Then you see there is no substantial entity — it's created

moment by moment by conditions of past moments. The chain is endless and vastly long, and we always grasp at part of it, to stick in our own little trip. The monks of old, they give it away before it settles, constantly and completely at the mercy of life and change — no grasping, no hoarding. When you give things away you find that you are supported anyway. Life will support you.

When we practice forgiveness rather than hanging onto righteous indignation, we find that when we are hurt we feel it has to do with another person and so we feel alienated from this person. How do we find our way to resolve this? We can consider murder, war or hurting them back. But who really gains and who loses? Forgiveness is like a gift. But how do we find our way towards forgiveness? What we are angry or hurt about wants to find a way to be remembered and manifested. These are stuck places. Forgiving isn't just a mental act, there is something very physical about it. Just to say "I forgive" is nothing. To find the source of hurt and residual holding in our bodies — this is our practice — to acknowledge the unacknowledged. In zazen, we feel it in our body. We find the tension and conditions that makes us step aside from the flow of life. To let go and let be is our work. Can we do this? Maybe not, but we can vow not to move.

When we hold people out of our hearts, the consequences never dissipate. Everything is not suddenly going to be all right. We have to do the work. People come to practice and find they are suffering — people rub up against their stuff. What actually happens is we discover ourselves. Once you enter the path, it will haunt the rest of your life with this inner feeling of "what is it?" Some days we backslide, but we just keep sitting on the black cushion until all oppressed people of the world, inside and out, are free.

So how do we wage the war? A few possibilities: you can feel really energized in your righteousness indignation, like you are chewing flesh off your enemy and gnawing on their bones. But eventually you realize that through this corroding hate you ultimately devour yourself. Reverend King's alternative is nonviolence: *"The method is passive physically but is strongly active spiritually."* Sounds like zazen, doesn't it? Don't move. Completely energized. Be present. Open up. Nonmoving and completely manifesting. Quite a mystery. Its part of our work. Go ahead. You don't have to wait. It's completely up to you. Lets not seek to humiliate or defeat the opponent but to win friendship, acknowledgment and understanding. This is zazen. Including everything. The ultimate act of forgiveness.

"The aftermath of nonviolence is the creation of the

beloved community, while the aftermath of violence is tragic bitterness." There are a couple of ways to go with this from a Buddhist point of view: loving kindness meditation, compassion meditation — where you internally bring up things you feel for the enemy and change them through internal activity through forgiveness. We need to find out what we are holding onto. Find your suffering. Because that is where the work is, that is where the key to liberation is.

Dogen said, "To bring your agenda forward to the myriad things is delusion. But to have the myriad things come forward and verify you is enlightenment." Forgiveness can sometimes seem like falling into emptiness. But falling into emptiness also means not resisting being who you are completely, and letting go, physically. At the center of nonviolence is goodwill for all beings, and a love that seeks nothing in return. Can we do that? We can make our effort. The effort itself is transforming. Good luck. May all beings be happy!

Maitri Update

by Cecilia Tom

The construction people are here fixing up our garage, so we'll soon have a private meeting room where case conferences can take place. Upstairs, a new medication room is in the works. To top that off, we welcome Baker Anderson Christie, Inc. as the new provider of nursing and attendant care for our residents, who are low-income men and women with debilitating AIDS. With the weather's cooperation, eight of our residents recently took a trip to the zoo, accompanied by staff and volunteers. Gorilla World was definitely the highlight of the day, and the group all delighted in visiting our primate friends. Back here at home, volunteers Paul and Mike started what will hopefully become a monthly tradition — a pre-dinner cocktail party dubbed "Mocktails at Maitri" — as a nice respite from the other kind of "cocktails," the combination drugs that our residents must take to stabilize their conditions. Not to be outdone, our social worker Felice and resident Steven co-hosted "Hors D'oeuvres for Healing" one fine Thursday afternoon, complete with fresh bagels, chips, guacamole and a large sampler of savory dips. With cameras flashing and glasses clinking, it was all smiles and a great success.

Sometimes, it seems there's not much we can do to stop the progress of HIV disease. Since Maitri moved to 401 Duboce Avenue in late 1997, we've averaged three deaths a month — but with the support of volunteers and our community, we can all make our residents' lives a little

brighter. Won't you join us in this work that Issan began 12 years ago? We welcome your time, talents, financial support, and most of all, your compassionate presence. Please call (415) 558-3000 for more information.



Zen Dish

Your letters and articles are always welcome. Next newsletter deadline is September 1st. Write HSZC. Attn. Newsletter, Email HSZC@aol.com, or call Jennifer Birkett at 415-647-0465.

Sangha Week at Tassajara

by George Gayuski

For the second year in a row, SFZC sponsored a week at Tassajara for small sitting groups and zendos in the Suzuki Roshi lineage to give them a taste of monastic life. This year, fifty students and four teachers attended from May 2nd to 7th. The daily schedule included morning sittings, service, work period, group discussion, individual discussion, a workshop, an opulent guest dinner and a Dharma talk. Many students were exposed to formal Zen forms for the first time, so the theme emerged in reaction to last year's Sangha Week: our forms.

The zendo was full even with two extra rows of *zabutans*; in fact many Tassajara residents sat zazen in the hallway so Sangha Week folks could be accommodated in the zendo. The spirit of hospitality was very warm and open. Akiba Roshi, gave a perspective on the cultural issues of planting Japanese Zen in the US. Shunsen Barbara Kohn addressed our formality and forms and offered a candid account of how these serve her practice. Mary Mocine brought up work practice and presented a view of its function to practice. Ed Brown emphasized coming from the heart, cultivating warmth and kindness from within, and practicing formally with an informal mind. The point of Ed's themes were demonstrated by a story offered by a student:

A man was on his deathbed. His wife was in the kitchen making cookies. They smelled so good that the man crawled out of bed and to the kitchen. When he reached up to the able to take a cookie, his wife slapped his hand fiercely with the spatula. He asked, "Why did you do that?" She answered, "Those are for your FUNERAL."

The Day After the Execution of Manny Babbitt

by Melody Ermachild Chavis

I am tired as if jet-lagged, having traveled once more to that strange place where we stand gathered close together in silence at the prison gate, waiting for the midnight hour when our government, in darkness, kills again. It is very hard for me to find meaning in last night. Once again, the arbitrariness of capital punishment renders the event absurd and crazy-making in its cruelty. Capital punishment gives the fates far too much power. The only moral justification for it and the only claim that politicians can make to any humanitarian purpose is to cry that it is done for the sake of "justice" for victims' families.

As the Rabbi said last night, the idea that healing for the victims is achieved by the killing of the perpetrator "goes against all spiritual and psychological wisdom." I worry that on these occasions, when we gather as abolitionists, we are so overtaken by our outrage at the injustice of the death penalty, that sometimes we do not say enough to show our feelings of sympathy and understanding for the victims and their families. I realized that people may not know who Leah Schindel is. She is the elderly woman that Manny Babbitt killed during a robbery while experiencing a Vietnam War flashback. We each need to remember how we felt when our own loved ones died — what it was like to get that phone call, or to sit by their bed as they breathed their last, to feel something of what they must feel.

My task is to try to find compassionate feelings within myself for everyone in the whole circle, including Governor Davis, the victims, prosecutors and guards. And so last night when I spoke briefly just before midnight, I asked people to remember those who were carrying out the execution. As I said that, I was looking at one of the officers standing on the roof of a building next to the vigil, surveying the crowd. He looked at me with astonishment. I suppose unbelieving that anyone there would extend sympathy to the executioners. I know that officers volunteer for execution duty, and that they keep their identities secret. Many people condemn them for participating. I don't know what I think about issues such as reincarnation. Yet as a Buddhist, I do believe that these officers are taking onto themselves karma equal to that of Manny Babbitt's, and that is a burden to be pitied.

The only meaning I can find in these executions is to honor the gift of each life taken. The life of each woman or man on death row illuminates the suffering of hundreds of thousands. Manny Babbitt's gift to us was to show the situation of Vietnam veterans, to teach about Post

Traumatic Stress, about the lack of care and treatment for mentally ill people, and above all, about racism.

I felt so sorrowful last night for the Vietnam veterans who came there. They stood in little groups, middle aged men of all races, many in old fatigue coats and boots. For awhile, waiting to speak near the microphone, I stood close to two veterans where I could see into their anguished, exhausted faces. They had worked so hard to try to save Manny Babbitt, and it was clearly written in their eyes that last night they were suffering yet another wound, another one of their ranks lost, another rejection of what they were trying to tell America about their war.

In the end, as one of our Zen priests at Berkeley Zen Center, Maylie Scott said, what we learned of Manny Babbitt at the end of his life was uplifting: he said he was at peace with his death. He wrote a poem to be read after he was dead. In part, Manny wrote that he wanted no one but himself to "feel the sting" of his death. Manny fasted for three days before he died, and donated the \$50 allocated for a last meal to homeless veterans. This morning's newspaper says that Manny Babbitt's last words to his executioners were, "I forgive all of you."



Reigning Cats and Dogs

by Sozan

In the last month, Buckley the cat finally began to defend his food against neighborhood cats that drop by for snacks. Sometimes a screech of claws racing across the kitchen floor can be heard in the Zendo during Zazen, accompanied by hissing and deep feline *hara* growls. And Dexter the hound chants whenever someone comes near the front door. He barks to announce the *Eko*, and then howls through whatever canine *Dharani* he has memorized. We all sense that these two, dressed in black, of course think they have been ordained. The salvation of all sentient beings does NOT include denying these two their fantasy lives.

Can't Fix It Become Familiar with It

by Barbara Kohn

Excerpts from her talk at HSZC in July 1998. Barbara is President of San Francisco Zen Center.

Earlier this week I was thinking about suffering: How sometimes Buddhism is criticized as a negative religion because of the First Noble Truth, "life is suffering." But Buddha also says, "you can end that suffering." This thinking reminded me of how important was the discovery that no matter what I did or how hard I tried, I couldn't "Fix it." In my early attempts to get "it fixed" I focused on not ending up like my mother. Then, around age forty, I broke open. I remember realizing with great relief that the depression I had been holding off for 20 years was here and now. Like a dam breaking, the force of trying to make everything as I thought it should be had built up and finally collapsed under the pressure of wanting to be recognized. I came to realize that no matter how hard I tried to control my environment, I wouldn't be able to do so.

In my attempts to control, I struggled to make sure that my daughter never thought or felt towards me the things I had felt about my own mother. I tried to create a situation so rational and perfected that there would never be possibility of horrendous separation. I didn't know the myth of Persephone, who goes down into Pluto's cave, and her mother Demeter who would rather kill her than let her go. But she does go... and she returns changed, different, affected by something other than Demeter's enclosure. I learned at that time, when my daughter became an adult, that I couldn't "fix" it for her. It wasn't fixable. As I flailed around I hurt myself and my family and friends. But slowly it occurred to me, through awareness, that I couldn't control the universe. I had to learn to know it and let "it be."

So how does suffering take place? We try to pretend we are permanent, "unchanging," that if we work very hard we can-get-it-right-and-it-will-stay-that-way. This is the little secret our emotional self is telling us, (in conflict sometimes with our "rational" understanding of Buddha's teachings): "I will turn out all right if I try really hard and if I get people to follow my deepest desires to fix them they will stay the way I want them to be and THAT will help my world become a finished and very perfect product." It doesn't work! There is an end to innocence in our life when we realize that all of it keeps changing continually. The "final solution to the life problem" isn't available... ever. Our attempts to reach such solutions have disastrous

results. The horror of the holocaust was caused by people trying to "fix" things by removing the parts that didn't fit the ideal they had conjured up.

Buddha too suffered and wanted to fix the world, end its suffering. Finally, he sat down under a tree and went through a torturous night. By morning, he saw the light, was enlightened, saw how it "is." At that moment no one was angry, sad or evil. The world became quiet in its full perfection. But when we try to sit in order for it to turn out like that, it doesn't work. We learn about this, then we sit and let our bodies know. And just when we are settled and clear we find we must go out into the world again — as Buddha did — and join others to offer up our great good fortune to them. Not to "fix" them, but to say; "Find out for yourselves. I did it and you can too."

The way out of pain, the Eight-Fold path, is an organic co-dependent series of events. Even though it sounds definite when we say right view and intention, right speech and conduct, right livelihood and effort, right mindfulness and concentration, it is more fluid than that. I think it means to tend towards, work with, continually return to the understanding that life changes. Birth and death are concepts based on a belief in permanence. Whatever happens is available to us, without the need to reify it and ourselves. Passion and the things we like are often more difficult to allow than aversion and pushing away. But either way, positive or negative, we have a moment's experience and then it ends and a new moment is now. It can't be kept. Attempts to do so only cause more suffering.

It is possible to accept the mind that knows and names things, and still allow things to come and go. And do what is appropriate in this moment. It is the desire to change and make ourselves perfect that often leads us to practice. That's okay as long as we can sit still long enough to notice our hidden shadowed selves. We find out who we are and learn not to pretend to be an ideal for someone else's approval. We learn to show what we feel and think to our teachers, therapists, friends, lovers, children and parents. So, life is suffering, caused by clinging or shoving it away. And with sure intention and direction towards wholeness, we can end that suffering. I encourage us all to experiment with what that means. Know yourself. What a lot of space, time and stillness this effort demands. This process is wonderful. We never run out of something fascinating to do.



Groups Meeting at HSZC

HIV Sitting Group For those with HIV, caregivers, lovers, and friends. Meets Tuesdays, Thursdays and Fridays at 10:30 am. Meditation instruction offered in secular terms, followed by sitting until 11:00 am. Contact: Sozan: (415) 863-2507.

HSZC Temple Schedule

HSZC offers a traditional schedule of Zen meditation. For those new to zazen, INSTRUCTION IS REQUIRED prior to participation in formal meditation periods, and is available by appointment. There is a public lecture every Saturday at 10:00 am, followed by discussion and tea. All are welcome. Please arrive 10 minutes prior to scheduled times.

MORNING: Monday through Friday

5:45 am Zazen
6:15 am Interval
6:20 am Zazen
6:45 am Service

EVENING: Monday through Friday

6:00 pm Zazen
6:40 pm Service

SATURDAY:

8:00 am Practice Committee Meeting last Saturday of each month.
9:10 am Zazen
10:00 am Public Lecture, followed by tea and discussion. Donation to support the temple is appreciated.

Beginning Zazen instruction available Monday through Friday by appointment. Call Sozan: 415-863-2507.

MONTHLY MEMORIAL SERVICE for Temple founder Issan Dorsey Roshi is held on the 6th day of each month.

MEMBERSHIP: Practicing members sit regularly, attend practice interviews with Zenshin and contribute a suggested \$40 monthly. Supporting members contribute \$20 or more a year and receive newsletters by mail. Members who commit to regular monthly donations are the fiscal backbone of the Temple. Even if you pledge \$10 a month, and give a little extra when able, that would help significantly. In return, we welcome you as a member of our Sangha and offer you whatever support you may need in your practice.

Schedule of Upcoming Talks and Events

Saturday, July 3rd, 10:00 am Lou Hartman, SFZC priest ordained in 1977.

Saturday, July 10th, 5:00 am to 5:00 pm *One Day Sitting.*

Dharma talk at 10:00 am with Zenshin Philip Whalen, resident teacher at HSZC.

Saturday, July 17th, 10:00 am Barbara Kohn, President of San Francisco Zen Center.

Saturday, July 24th, 10:00 am Daigan Lueck, ordained at SFZC in 1990, and long time practitioner currently living at Green Gulch Farm.

Saturday, July 31st, 10:00 am Venerable Hyunoong Sunim, Resident teacher of Sixth Patriarch Zen Center in Berkeley.

Saturday, August 7th, 5:00 am to 5:00 pm *One Day Sitting.*

Dharma talk at 10:00 am with Zenshin Philip Whalen, resident teacher at HSZC.

Saturday, August 14th, 10:00 am Mark Lancaster, lay practitioner at Green Gulch Farm since 1993.

Saturday, August 21st, 10:00 am Jim Wilson, Zen Teacher in Sonoma in the Chogyo, Fuke, and Soto Zen traditions.

Saturday, August 28th, 10:00 am Tova Green, Assistant Director of the Buddhist Peace Fellowship.

Saturday, September 4th, 10:00 am Teah Strozer, Head of Practice at City Center.

Saturday, September 11th, 5:00 am to 5:00 pm *One Day Sitting.*

Dharma Talk at 10:00 am with Zenshin Philip Whalen, resident teacher at HSZC.

Saturday, September 18th, 10:00 am Jim Wilson, Zen Teacher in Sonoma in the Chogyo, Fuke, and Soto Zen traditions.

Saturday, September 25th, 10:00 am Cathleen Williams, Priest at SFZC and Assistant to Director at City Center.

Saturday, October 2nd, 5:00 am to 5:00 pm *One Day Sitting.*

Dharma Talk at 10:00 am with Zenshin Philip Whalen, resident teacher at HSZC

Saturday, October 9th, 10:00 am Kokai Roberts, SFZC priest and Assistant to Director at City Center.

Saturday, October 16th, 10:00 am Fuyu Nancy Shroeder, SFZC Priest since 1986, living at Green Gulch Farm.

Saturday, October 23rd, 10:00 am Mark Lancaster, lay practitioner at Green Gulch Farm since 1993.

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